The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Politics as Usual

AT about the same time that American pilots opened fire on the North Koreans, Senator Taft came to his feet in Washington and took aim at Secretary of State Acheson, hoping to bring an end to Mr. Acheson's career as head of the Department which, according to some critics, has harbored the people responsible for our losses in the Far East. Senator McCarthy applauded Taft's speech, joining him, of course, in calling for Acheson's resignation. From his office in Albany, Governor Dewey issued a more cautious statement on the Korean war; after warning that it was "too late to assess blame for the desperate Korean situation" and that this was not a time for "politics as usual," he said that the Administration should nevertheless make a "full, frank and honest statement" admitting that the Communists have been winning the cold war for the last five years. The Governor left his readers free to draw what inferences they would. But Guy Gabrielson, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is not a man to deal in inferences. A few days later, in announcing a forthcoming Republican policy conference, he said that although the conferees would support the President in the Korean situation, they intended to lay the blame where they think it belongs. That, he said, is the Republican attitude. Which is closer to politics as usual.

It is hardly to be expected that the Republicans will refrain from making a political issue out of the Korean war. The steady deterioration of our position in Asia is the most vulnerable failure in the long reign of the Democrats. That failure is the best campaign issue the Republicans have.

Mr. Acheson is the symbol of that failure and consequently the natural target for attack. He has publicly admitted that we are up against the wall in Asia. His formula after the collapse of China, his policy of "letting the dust settle," had virtually no dynamic initiative about it. Before the Korean incident, he was unwilling to commit us to the defense of Korea or Formosa. The air of defeatism in all this was just the thing for the Republicans to exploit and they did so eagerly, but not without some rather amusing inconsistencies on their part. Senator Taft, for instance, would not vote for sending arms to Europe under the Atlantic Treaty, but he was always brave as a bull where Formosa was concerned, urging Secretary Acheson to get right in there and fight.

And that, say the Republicans, is what we have had to do in Korea and Formosa. The President has had to reverse the Acheson policy. Their contention is true, in the sense that the Acheson idea of playing for time has been reversed. The reasoning behind our strategy of playing for time had been this: since the two most important ideas in the minds of the Asiatics today are anti-imperialism and nationalism, they will realize, sooner or later, that the Russians are nothing but imperialists who are only interested in making satellites for themselves. Our attitude, in this situation, was to have been a soft, hands-off line, letting the forces of nature and rebellion do their work, with only haphazard help from the United States.

Though this policy is defensible and in some ways a realistic one, it has never appealed to us as having the organizational drive necessary to resist totalitarianism and to relieve the poverty of the Far Eastern peoples, something that has been so skillfully exploited by the Communists. The hunger of the Asiatics is for food and land and it does little good for us to sit back and watch the Communists satisfy that hunger.

SWIFTLY and surprisingly, our decision to hold Korea means that we are no longer letting the dust settle in Formosa or in Indo-China or anywhere in the Pacific. We are involved there now just about as deeply as any country can be in the affairs of others. This does amount to the beginning of a new Asiatic policy for us.

It has been customary, in war emergencies, to forego political wrangling over foreign policy and to "close ranks" in the national interest. Dur-

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• NEXT WEEK •

"It was once taken for granted, even in the outer darkness beyond New England's borders, that the Yankees had exercised a determining influence upon the development of the nation. . . . Boston remained the cultural capital of the country long after it had lost its economic leadership; and few outlanders, bred as they were in the tradition of the Boston schoolmarm and the *Boston Cook Book,* dared to question its dominance."

So writes MASON WADE in an article about Stewart Holbrook's *The Yankee Exodus.*

ing World War II we adopted a bi-partisan policy to achieve unity. But it seems that right now there is a growing feeling that the Korean war is something that this country will wage with its left hand while its right hand carries on business as usual, including politics.

This would be a consoling thought to the Americans fighting in Korea, if they had time to think about it. The implications, the possible consequences, of the Korean war are, as a matter of fact, more terrifying than those of World War II. Our chances of winning it are scarcely enhanced if we try to wage it with a national mind divided against itself.

Inside India

WHEN India announced support of the UN's resolution condemning the aggression of North Korea, it was four days after the invasion, and the decision came only after two long Indian cabinet sessions. The reaction in the West was one of a certain triumph; a feeling that India had abandoned her "neutrality" in the East-West struggle and joined the western camp. At long last, the feeling ran, Asians were being realistic.

Actually, India's decision was not an abandoning of her effort to be a tenuous bridge, a reconciling influence, in a halved world. Actually it was a further application of the principles from which Prime Minister Nehru is creating a foreign policy.

India's present government is made up of a distinctive group of men—successful revolutionaries. They are remarkable, because their revolution was achieved through what Nehru has described as "a technique of action which was unique in the world, which combined political activity and political conflict and a struggle for freedom with certain moral and ethical principles."

Governing a new nation which possesses a history that makes the West adolescent, these men are attempting to make India an international force that is not compromised by any alliances for unilateral advantage (or exploitation), and is singly devoted to the welfare of Asians and the peace of nations. Nehru is trying to re-act India's revolution in an international scene.

Alongside this fundamental idea, India holds the suspicion of western and big-power intentions and motives that the West and the big powers have beaten into the Asians over the last 200 years of colonialism.

In one of the foreign policy speeches collected

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in the book *Independence and After,* Nehru says:

> Now, Europe and America, because they have been dominant countries, with a dominant culture, have tended to think that ways of living other than theirs are necessarily inferior. Whether they are inferior or not I do not know. If they are inferior, probably their own people will change them. But this method of approach of one country to another is a very limited approach and does not indicate much wisdom, because this world is a very varied place . . . let us try to get rid of the evil in the world and allow the variety of the world to continue.

The Indian attitude towards the cold war is suggested by this quotation. The criticism that has been offered in countless western statements and editorials is that there is no neutrality in a conflict between powers of substantial good will and political freedom, and those of totalitarianism.

What India does not admit is that Communism represents totalitarianism as surely as does North Korean aggression. India will eventually find out, probably without being required to pay the price for knowledge that was demanded of some Eastern European countries.

The whole case of India should make the United States understand that its armor is tarnished, and that Asia is a place where power counts less than it does elsewhere. A policy of clear anti-imperialism (which includes anti-Communism, and means a lot more), supported by force, economic assistance and faith in the people of Asia, can go a long way towards making Asian leaders see that Americans too can respect the diverse and hate the wrong—as well as protect the free.

The Failure of Anti-Communism

IT SEEMS to me that throughout my entire adult life Catholicism in this country has been obsessed with the question of Communism. When I was a kid of high-school age I heard about Communism from pulpit and platform until it came running out my ears. I heard it so much that the words used to condemn it became meaningless. Later, when I knew more about Catholic social teachings and recognized when Communism was condemned for the wrong reasons, I used to get mad. And for a few years when I was in daily contact with a long breadline in Chicago and scurrying around trying to get the food for it, I used to get disgusted when prominent Catholics met in swank hotels to condemn Communism and then later sat down to a six-course dinner and listened to more of the same from some over-upholstered stuffed shirt. I used to know a lot of Communists in those days, and I knew what they were up to while Catholics sat around making speeches and drafting resolutions.

I don't think I was alone in getting my belly full of anti-Communism. But if one were a Catholic and moved in Catholic circles, there was no avoiding it. As far as the temporal, external manifestations of faith were concerned (I speak roughly of the past fifteen years) it seemed to be mainly in opposition to Communism that we Catholics lived and moved and had our being. Anti-Communism colored almost everything we said and did.

WHEN we heard about the social encyclicals it was stressed that they offered the best answer to Communism, as if that somehow made them more valid than they would otherwise be. When we organized study clubs, lecture courses, apostolic movements or interracial meetings, we underlined the fact that these were effective anti-Communist measures. We sent our graduates out into the world with denunciations of Communism ringing in their ears. When we spoke of the need for Catholic Action, we invoked the fabulous zeal of young Communists as the clinching argument. Anti-Communism—good old, reliable old anti-Communism; you could never go wrong with it, especially if you kept it on black-and-white terms —was likely to explode anywhere. Even when we were called upon to contribute to a parish bazaar or sell chances on a Buick, we might learn suddenly that that too was really all part of the anti-Communist crusade.

In time anti-Communism became the one unfailing constant, the touchstone by which we made our judgments and determined to a great extent the political line we followed. If the Communists were for something, however good, we were generally against it. If the Party was against something, however bad, we were inclined to look for good in it and withhold our full denunciation. Many Catholics, for example, were antagonistic and slow to recognize the new CIO because it was vociferously supported by the *Daily Worker* crowd. Some were late in turning on the evils of fascism—and still are—because the dictators too were anti-Communist.

ANTI-COMMUNISM made some strange bed-fellows. During the past decade more than one reactionary columnist, writer or politico who represented a viewpoint thoroughly rejected in the papal encyclicals was invited to give the commencement talk at a Catholic college or to

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address a Catholic forum. They were vociferously anti-Communist, and that seemed to be enough. From Christian Fronters of 1940 to Senator McCarthy of 1950, it has often been enough for a man to be peddling anti-Communism to get sizeable Catholic support. What else he had in his baggage never seemed to make much difference.

THIS is the way things have been for a long time. Because they have been this way, there has grown up two separate schools of thought among American Catholics. The minority—and it has always been a definite minority—have been critical, generally disapproving of the direction American Catholic life was taking, and—they have felt—have been rarely understood. They have been ridiculed, dismissed as finicky "intellectuals" and rather politely excluded from "respectable" Catholic company. In some cases, either from self-pity or a blameworthy disdain, they have excluded themselves. They have had their successes, sometimes at the cost of extreme sacrifice. But the majority group has gone its own way with little or no concern for the criticism and, at least as far as obvious influence goes, has had it all over the others.

Now, in this rather offhand treatment, I don't mean to say that either of the two groups is indifferent to Communism, or has ever been. It has always been a question of which way to go about fighting it.

The one group has stressed positive action. It has tried to devote more of its energies to the promulgation of Catholicism and Catholic social thought than to conscious anti-Communism. Members of this group are the ones who opened houses of hospitality for the poor in the depression thirties, and interracial centers in Harlem and Chicago's Bronzeville, for instance. They were the ones who made coffee at strike headquarters, where the Communists were also present, and marched in picket lines. Priests among them sometimes espoused unpopular or—in the eyes of their fellow-Catholics—dubious causes. They got themselves reputations as "radicals," offended some of the most influential anti-Communists in the country, and used most of the energy that might have gone into sheer anti-Communism in self-criticism of our own failures, compromises and manifestations of materialism. Much of their time, too—unfortunately but necessarily—was used to defend themselves from charges made against them by fellow Catholics who felt that they were betraying the real social task of the Church—the quick destruction of Communism. The minority however always insisted that Communism was a manifestation of a greater disease in the world and the thing to do was destroy it in ourselves first.

The minority held on through the years, and even today, when the anti-Communist obsession seems largely justified, they are still insisting that things are not as simple as they sometimes seem. By and large, even today, they feel that the emphasis on anti-Communism during the past decade and a half was largely wasted energy and, in many cases, added up to a distortion not only of the Church's real social position, but of Christianity itself.

For what it's worth to say it, I place myself among them. I think that, generally speaking, the long anti-Communist crusade of American Catholics has been a failure.

IF we have learned anything from the recent history of Communism, it is that the Marxist movement is dynamic. That seems to be the only word: *dynamic*. It has shown it has the power of religion to move millions and to call forth human loyalties, heroisms and sacrifice that might otherwise have gone untapped. It is able to inspire, to invigorate, to sweep across a people—as it has in Asia—and feed on the highest aspirations of the human person. It cannot be driven out of existence by half-way measures. We can—and should—protect ourselves from it by force of arms and all the means at our disposal, but we cannot drive it out of existence that way. It is in its way an absolute, and it will be driven out of existence only with another absolute. It has the force and appeal of religion, and only another equally dynamic religion can replace it.

Communism can be finally destroyed by the appeal that Christianity itself can make. We heard it said time and again that in our faith we had the answer to Communism, but it was a pulpit platitude whose full meaning was lost upon us. In the face of Communism, we were not willing to put our trust in that faith. We were not prepared really to believe that a crust of bread given in the name of Christ was of more social value than an anti-Communist law.

AND NOW we are sending out our young soldiers — half-materialists ourselves, suffering from the same disease that has taken over the Communist half of the world—to meet the dynamism of Marx. We are scurrying around now to discover what dynamism we can find in our own answer to Communism. The President speaks bravely of the Sermon on the Mount, but it sounds hollow and forced, and we all know it.

We have not given America what we had to give, we Catholics. And though we may boast that we warned the nation about Communism long ago, I still think we must admit that our long anti-Communist crusade was a failure. We gave too little time to Christianity itself.

JOHN COGLEY.

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After Korea, What?

The time of "containing" the Soviets is gone.

By WALDEMAR GURIAN

AT the present time we do not know what will be the outcome of the crisis in Korea. The attack by the Soviet satellite may remain a local affair which will be more or less quickly settled through the intervention of the United States in behalf of the UN. Or it may be the first of several attempts to weaken the military power of potential adversaries of Soviet aggression by organizing a series of theaters of war—perhaps in Iran, Iraq, Turkey, Formosa, Indo-China or Yugoslavia. It may be an act preparing for the outbreak of general war, after confusion and diversions have been created.

But one thing is sure today: the North Korean advance has definitely proved that the policies of the United States towards the Soviet Union, as they have developed in the last few years, simply cannot continue. Even before the present crisis, George Kennan, one of the leading State Department planners, expressed doubts as to "whether our policies are adequate." These policies started after the USSR's behavior—a systematic expansionism disregarding existing treaty obligations—had clearly shown that hopes for cooperation among the victors of World War II in the years after 1945 could not be realized. These hopes might be summed up in a quotation from a book that one of the leading American students of international relations published in 1944. W. T. R. Fox, editor of *World Politics* and a professor at Columbia University—by the way, a scholar without any sympathies for so-called leftist movements—stated in his study of *The Superpowers* (Harcourt, Brace and Co.): "As between the risk of acting as if the Soviet Union will be a trustworthy partner in maintaining peace and the risk of acting as if it will not, the lesser risk is clearly that based on expectation of Soviet good faith. . . . If we assume faith in the motives and integrity of the Soviet government there is a good chance of agreement upon a common program of Soviet-Anglo-American leadership in peace as in war."

The postwar policies of the Soviet Union proved definitely that the assumption regarded by Professor Fox as a lesser risk did not correspond to reality. The Soviet Union embarked upon a policy of expansionism and supported developments which would enable Communist groups to take over power. Treaties were reinterpreted in such a way that they became farcical. For example, free elections meant Communist-controlled elections. The Eastern and Central European countries occupied by Soviet forces—and Czechoslovakia can be counted among them because it was possible at any moment for the Soviet armies to come to the support of the coup d'etat carried out there by the Communists—became satellites dominated by Communist parties or Communist-led pseudo-coalitions which were themselves under absolute domination by Moscow. That Yugoslavia succeeded in escaping from this subservience to Stalin's Politbureau is surely a development which the leaders of the Soviet Union had not anticipated. The Soviet Union also tried to expand her influence through Communist parties beyond the territories under her military control, for example, in Germany, Italy and France. Communist groups everywhere accepted the authority of Moscow. Strikes and social conflicts were fomented by the USSR to prevent a return to normal conditions and economic recovery. Sympathizers with the Soviet Union were used as agents and spies.

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TRUE, the Soviet attempts to expand beyond territories occupied at the end of World War II failed in Europe, but they were successful in Asia. The Chinese Communists won their civil war, and the North Korean Republic was set up as an instrument of Soviet policies. English and French troubles in Southern Asia were aggravated when the Soviets supported the active opponents of the existing order, though it would be wrong to assume that the Asiatic status quo would not have been threatened without Soviet help.

These Soviet policies, combining territorial expansion of the traditional type with revolu-

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tionary methods and ideologies, were kept in limits by the military superiority of the United States, which, until recently, enjoyed a monopoly in atomic weapons. The Soviet Union was manifestly not willing to start an open military conflict. That was demonstrated by her retreat in Iran after the United States and England backed up complaints in the United Nations, by the caution with which the test case of the civil war in Greece was conducted, and her policies during the Berlin blockade when she avoided an open shooting conflict. The Soviet Union needed time to organize her power.

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THIS policy, which tried to combine constant fomenting of tensions with an avoidance of open war on a general scale, also operated on the assumption that the other side would be defeated in the cold war without resort to a hot war. The burdens imposed upon the American taxpayer by the Marshall Plan and internal economic difficulties in the United States would result in a revival of a neo-isolationism. Then, after American withdrawal from Europe, the hour for a new, open advance of Soviet power would have struck without imposing upon the Soviet Union the risk and sacrifices of war.

The American policy of opposing Soviet expansionism consisted, principally, in the idea of containment. It seemed to be necessary to contain the Soviet Union within the limits she reached at the end of World War II. This containment was destined to win time not only for economic improvements in the world through American help, but also for the organization of military power. The Marshall Plan was followed by the North Atlantic Security Pact, and American military aid to its members. The atomic armaments race continued as preparatory work for the construction of the H bomb, many times more powerful than the atomic bomb, was announced.

The policy of containment assumed that the Soviet Union would not lose her restraining fear of open war during the period in which the military strength of the West was being increased. Again and again it was emphasized by official American speakers that under present conditions Western Europe could be easily overrun by Soviet forces; strengthening of the western defenses was therefore necessary. These statements assumed that such factors as Russian inferiority in atomic weapons and perhaps even some internal troubles in the Soviet world—the defection of Yugoslavia, or the similar situations which brought about the bloody purges in Hungary and Bulgaria, as well as the postponement of the long overdue party congress in the Soviet Union—would prevent the Politbureau from starting a direct open attack. One believed—and I confess that I was inclined to assume it, as did John F. Dulles in his newly-published book, *War and Peace*—that a general shooting war was not imminent.

The idea was that an energetic policy building up strength, organizing economic and social improvements, avoiding appeasement and involving fewer negotiations, since negotiations would only result in confusion and uncertainty among the potential victims of Soviet expansionism, would be able to produce a situation in which the Soviet leaders would realize the necessity for retreat. As long as they refused to see that necessity, the containment policy was to be continued, exploiting the internal weaknesses and difficulties of the Soviet world through propaganda, economic pressure and cooperation with anti-Soviet elements inside the iron curtain.

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BUT this policy of containment has proved to be insufficient. The rapid conquest of China by Communist forces and the quick Soviet success in developing the atomic bomb were probably not expected. To these facts may be added the realization by the Soviet leaders that their expectation of an early social and economic crisis in the United States proved to be wrong, though they may explain that as the result of a boom produced by war preparations. In any case, the Soviets are today apparently not willing to wait until the rearmament of the other side has deprived them of their most impressive weapon—the possibility of threatening the western world with a swift invasion and occupation. Even if, as one can hope, Korea should remain a local test case, it is obvious that a policy of containment which is centered around the maintenance of the present status quo—a status quo which is very favorable to the Soviets, especially after the unexpectedly fast conquest of China—is no longer sufficient.

That must be our conclusion even if the optimistic assumption is made that the North Korean aggression will be quickly defeated. Will it be possible to return to the status quo, to stop at the 38th parallel, and to restore the partition of Korea? A defeat of the North Korean aggressor would cause a change in the Soviet position, and probably not only in Asia. Therefore the question becomes most urgent: What are the aims of our present policies toward the Soviet Union? The aim until now seems to have been primarily a defensive one, and therefore one did not so much need to raise this question. What must be done now, after the victory for the defensive has been assured? We should realize that the Soviet Union will not wait until this situation has been reached. The Soviet leaders assume that they will be attacked anyhow, and therefore they try

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to act themselves before any attack or new policy can be launched.

If the question is asked: What is the aim of our policy, beyond defense, in preventing further Soviet expansion?, one realizes at once that there is a contradiction in the perhaps unavoidable and necessary public justification of the present policies of containment. It is often said: "Negotiations with the Soviet leaders are meaningless. They have a system which is necessarily based upon ruthless world revolutionary expansionism." If we take such statements seriously, it is obvious that there can be only one aim for all our policies: the destruction of the Soviet system, a policy which would end, if successful, with the imposition of unconditional surrender on the Soviet leaders and the destruction of their regime—as it was announced and carried out in the case of the Nazis during World War II. But that is not the aim of the containment policy. It aims not at a destruction of the Soviet regime, but at building up strength, in the belief that a successful defense against Soviet aggression would make possible readjustments of the extended Soviet territorial gains obtained after World War II.

The Soviets regard this policy of containment as a policy directed at their destruction. They have countered it today first with a "peace offensive," exploiting the fears in some European, particularly French, circles of being overrun by the Soviet armies before the defense system is ready, and then, by coming closer and closer to the final line separating cold and hot war.

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IF these Soviet policies are challenged only in a negative way—the United States and the United Nations run to the defense of countries after they have been attacked—the situation will become most critical. Avoiding appeasement is not enough. Positive steps and policies are necessary. It would be ridiculous if one would try to return, after the Korean affair, to the status quo ante, assuming even the return of the Soviet Union to active participation in the UN, as if nothing had happened or, if anything, only an unimportant, minor incident. The time for such diplomatic legal fictions is past; such methods only help Soviet aggression.

The Soviet Union believes anyhow that the United States aims at attacking her. It is meaningless to wait until the Soviet Union takes a new step, exploiting legal fictions for another incident. Statements bluntly exposing the Soviet attitudes since World War II and notifying the Russians that the United States no longer recognizes the satellites as independent governments and no longer recognizes the obligatory character of the promises made at Yalta and Potsdam, would not increase the danger of a general war, but would prove to many vacillating groups and politicians, and also to the leaders of the USSR, that the United States is ready to act. The fiction must be abandoned that the United States is ready to accept as a permanent or normal basis the present distribution of power. It must be stated, too, that a repetition of Korean events would mean a *casus belli,* would be regarded by the United States as a justification for any steps deemed necessary against the Soviet Union and her satellites.

Such a policy would not increase the danger of war. For if the USSR has decided to attack, she will attack anyhow. She does not need a pretext created by American policies. Only the realization that the United States is ready for all eventualities may put a brake on Soviet intentions and prevent the transformation of the cold war into a series of hot, local wars, which would seriously weaken the United States and constitute also a psychological weapon of the greatest importance for the USSR.

Such a policy would also demand clear decisions about the conditions under which more normal relations with the USSR could be established. What Secretary Acheson has said about these conditions ought to be further clarified and elaborated; for example, the abandonment of the present control over satellites. I grant that such a program cannot be easily developed. It will be necessary to make a choice between a policy of perfectionist idealism, which would try to apply everywhere the principle of national self-determination, and policies which bluntly proclaim that a Soviet retreat from some territories taken after World War II is necessary. Such a program will not satisfy everyone, but the present situation where, on the one hand, one says the Soviets are necessarily carrying out the Communist program of world conquest, and on the other hand, where one is not committed to the liberation of such satellites as Poland, Hungary or Czechoslovakia, is much more dangerous. Even if the worst should happen and World War III develop through a Soviet attack, it would be useful to have a concrete program which should include applications of the famous Point Four proposals, stipulations about the end of colonial rule in Asia, and rejection of those African policies which Dulles so impressively criticized in his book as most dangerous for the future of the world. Even an imperfect program is better than postponing all decisions and relying upon a wartime policy of unconditional surrender—that is, on a policy satisfied with opposition to Communism.

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IF a policy of bold leadership is not developed —for which a beginning was made by the energetic action of the United States after the Korean incident—the USSR will continue to keep

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the initiative. The world will then continue to tremble, asking: What will the USSR do next? The probability of general war would not decrease but only increase. Confusion and pusillanimity would spread more and more. I think we are faced with a situation where only world leadership by the United States can help, which must be carried out by destroying propaganda and legal fictions, and by developing a concrete program, even if this program, far from being perfect, takes into account imperfect conditions. For instance, the existence of the USSR on a reduced scale.

The events in Korea confirm the fact that the policies of the United States must undergo substantial change. Even if the present crisis remains a police operation, it is obvious that the policies of containment cannot continue. Can one imagine that the frontier on the 38th parallel will be restored? But that the policy of containment was meant to be only a necessary stopgap, was clear before. An aggressive policy which says bluntly to the Soviet Union that the time of legal fictions is passed and that the United States is at the head of a liberation movement, may convince the Russian leaders that they have gone too far, that they are risking a war which is most dangerous for them—though they will have the possibility of continuing their power, in a limited way, if they carry out retreats.

FROM ENGLAND

The Redbrick Universities

THE Educational Supplement of the London *Times* some weeks back contained three items on the present state of universities in Great Britain, something that should be of interest to those in America who are concerned with similar problems in their own country. The items were: an anonymous article criticizing certain aspects of our modern universities, the report of an address by the Principal of Glasgow University, and editorial comment.

So far as England and Wales are concerned Oxford and Cambridge, on account of their age and history, hold a place by themselves; so, for different reasons, do London (founded in 1836), Durham (1832) and the University of Wales, which is a federation of four university-colleges, beginning with that at Aberystwyth in 1872; and there are eight others, seven of which attained university, i.e., degree-granting, status only since 1900.

These last are sometimes referred to as "the provincial universities," an expression whose use is not always free from a suggestion of snobbery. But we seem to be getting over the useless habit of simply contrasting the new and the old to the disadvantage of one or the other; and one of the good services of a writer who, between the wars, came to the defense of the new universities, was the provision of a colloquial name for them, individually and collectively: "Redbrick." This name of course had reference to their nineteenth-century buildings, where dingy red brick and "gothic features" are still only too oppressively common, and the name stuck. "Redbrick" is one, or all, of the newer English universities.

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THE writer in *The Times* (call him for convenience "Anon") defines a university as "a society of scholars, partly concerned in extending the bounds of human knowledge and partly in assisting its younger members to attain, as nearly as possible, the standard of learning which its older members have already achieved."

On this basis he finds that Redbrick as a whole is failing; and in particular that the gap between them and the two ancient universities ("their more elderly and quite motionless competitors," he puts it) is even wider than it was fifty years ago. The faults with which he is specially concerned are parochialism due to local influence, the system of university government, and the status of the faculty.

"Anon" finds the root of parochialism in the civic pride which brought Redbrick into being. The new universities date from a time when "our cities boasted of their prosperity rather than of their bomb-damage," and I cannot resist a rather long quotation in which "Anon" gives a witty caricature of the process.

> "We have a covered market," one [city] would claim. "But we have public baths—*and* a mental-home," another would respond. "You need them," would reply a third, "but have you seen our botanic gardens?" So the dispute went on, with hospitals built as a reply to libraries, housing-estates as a retort to jails. At last the day came when Birmingham said, "*We* have a university!" After a slight pause and a scuffle, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds and Sheffield were able to reply (rather breathlessly), "So have we!" At this lame rejoinder Chicago, had she been competing in this particular event, could have responded crushingly with the remark, "And we, of course, have *four*."

Hence grew the idea that a university exists to serve an area, whereas in the classical age of universities it served the whole of Christendom. You went from England to Bologna to study law, from Italy to Paris for philosophy and theology, from France to Oxford to sit under Alexander of Hales and Duns Scotus; even today there are young Americans who want to go to Edinburgh for medicine or Cambridge for mathematics. "No university ought to be merely a national institution, even if

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it is supported by the nation," writes T. S. Eliot in *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture,* where he says other pertinent things, e.g., "They should be independent of the governments of the countries in which they are situated. They should not be institutions for the training of an efficient bureaucracy. . . ."

Statistically it is shown that during the academic year 1947-48 only 7.2 percent of the students at Oxford or Cambridge were drawn from within a 30-mile radius of those universities; whereas Redbrick combined (excluding London) had 58.4 percent from within that radius. (Remember that England and Wales is about the size of the State of Wisconsin). However, this is 5.6 percent less than ten years ago, which should give some comfort to "Anon."

Equally serious is what I may call "social parochialism." Here the boot is on the other foot. Redbrick in the same year showed 21.6 percent of students who came from the homes of manual workers, and 44.2 percent from the professional, administrative and business executive classes. In *one* of the two older universities, the respective figures were 7.7 and 66.6 percent. The statistician does not tell us whether it was Oxford or Cambridge, coyly concealing the identity under the double "Camford." I have a suspicion, and more than a suspicion, which it was: but I will respect the anonymity.

In any case this "social" aspect can be made too much of. It is no business of a university to give "equal opportunity to all" but, so far as is possible, to give equal opportunity to equal ability. The effects of deplorable past history on various sections of the population cannot be got rid of overnight by a change of heart and some new regulations; it is enough that "Camford" is no longer a preserve of the well-off and leisured, and is becoming less and less overweighted in that direction. And there is the very important consideration of what those sons and daughters of manual workers wanted. It is not necessarily an adverse criticism of the older universities that Redbrick meets some requirements that Camford does not.

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IT IS an intolerable state of affairs that lecturers (the designation "professor" is not so freely used in England as in the United States; here it is generally reserved to the holder of a university chair or an equivalent position) on the faculty of a university should not feel themselves to be an integral part of that university, but rather merely paid employes who can be hired and fired like a junior executive of Tasteful Toiletries Inc. And that feeling may arise from their actual status or the way they are treated, or both. This is aggravated if there be, for one reason or another, little or no staff common-life, or if common-life be broken up by some external or educationally arbitrary distinction.

A university is by definition a *collegium,* a corporation, and a corporate spirit must infuse the whole institution, from the freshman undergraduate to the president or chancellor, if it is to be a university in fact as well as in name. No generalized substitute, loyalty, *esprit de corps,* can take its place, especially if it be mainly expressed in some peripheral activity such as athletics. And that sense of corporateness, of being a *partner* in a great enterprise, cannot rest entirely in the realm of sentiment: there must be a corresponding status to justify it.

The master's degree at Oxford and Cambridge carries with it membership of convocation or senate for life; everyone concerned, from first-year man to professor emeritus, feels that not only does he belong to the university, but that the university belongs to him. ("Belongs," of course, in no proprietory sense.) Whereas, as "Anon" writes, "Redbrick may belong to the city in which it stands. It may belong to the minister of education. But it does not belong to its graduates, and still less does it belong to its staff." And they are not encouraged to think it does—quite the contrary.

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RELATIONS and proportion between faculty and student-body are important here, and a *Times* editorial note quotes a warning voice from North America about a critical aspect of that today. The Provost of Trinity College in the University of Toronto (the Rev. R. S. K. Seeley) writes in *The Function of the University* (Oxford University Press): "If a university is to accept responsibility for the guidance and direction of students, it can do so satisfactorily only if the student body is comparatively small and the teaching staff sufficiently large to enable it to assume directional responsibility as well as teaching and research."

As *The Times* points out, the two demands we hear so insistently today, for smaller, much smaller, classes in schools and for greater numbers at universities contradict one another. And if certain reasonable demands concerning university education are to be met (*The Times* specifies as an example, "background courses in the humanities for science students") it can only be on a basis of fewer students or more teachers. (The thirteen universities of England and Wales had in 1948-49 about 66,000 students, double the enrollment of 1938-39, with a teaching staff of 5,500. One third of the students are at London University, which has a faculty of about 1,350.) And more teachers would considerably aggravate the problem of the unintegrated university teaching staff.

"Anon" sees a principal obstacle in the way of the growth of the corporate spirit at Redbrick in top control by an unacademic body; a university should rule itself and not be subject to influence and liable to pressure from sources that are neither unqualifiedly educational nor responsibly public.

In his view one of the worst effects of control by "local industrialists and aldermen" is the industrial pattern that they have introduced into the control and administration (he could have added the curriculum) of the uni-

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versity—a "managerial revolution." "But no statistics of graduate-production could make Redbrick even remotely like a university." "Anon" makes the pretty point that the Redbrick universities, established in an era of democratic fervor, are much less democratic than their elder sisters who were constituted in the days of "feudal violence and monarchical tyranny."

★

THE Principal of Glasgow University, Sir Hector Hetherington, in an address to the graduate association of that university puts us on our guard against a different and even more serious danger. (The Scottish university set-up is different from the English. The foundation of Saint Andrews was confirmed by the anti-pope "Benedict XIII" in 1413, of Glasgow by Pope Nicholas V in 1451, and of Aberdeen by Pope Alexander VI in 1494. Edinburgh, a child of the Protestant Reformation, was founded in 1582. These four total about 14,000 students, with a teaching staff of 1,500.)

The endowments and fees of our universities being insufficient, they have become to a large extent state-supported institutions. (Nevertheless it was not till 1920 that they began to receive help from the national exchequer.) That means that they are vulnerable. No chancellor of the exchequer has in fact shown the least disposition to interfere with their affairs. But Sir Hector warned his hearers that in certain circumstances the relations between state and universities could be easily upset. Obviously the universities must, as beneficiaries of the public purse, be accountable for their actions to the public authority. On the other hand there were certain things that no government should do: it must never, for example, try to make appointments or interfere with decisions of policy. Our only protection, he said, is a vigilant public opinion, and the core of that public must be a body of graduates deeply concerned for the welfare of the universities.

The relevance of this to what has been written above is obvious. Universities that have their significance all over the country and not simply locally, that have the responsibility of ruling themselves, and whose students, graduates and staffs form an integral and indivisible whole, are the most likely to be able to resist any improper interference from a government. The last thing we want to see in Great Britain is students as a body constituting a political force as they do, and as the army does, in so many European countries: but this is not a political matter in that sense. "Political" undergraduates can be a serious menace to academic freedom. In this country we have a fine tradition of academic freedom. At present it is not threatened, by the government or anybody else. One day it may be; and if so its first line of defense must be the academics themselves, of all "ranks." And if they ever need it (which God forbid) they will have among the general public a great body of supporters, most of whom have themselves never been to a university at all.

DONALD ATTWATER.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Dictatorship—and John L. Lewis

CHARLES BEARD, the historian, used to say that tariff was a local issue. What he meant by it was that your attitude towards a given levy was determined by its effect on your district. Something called "the national interest" did not enter into the calculation.

Similarly, most men are deeply committed to honor, truth and freedom so long as their own interests are untouched. To the very last any mother will insist that her son is not a murderer and, as the tabloids put it, she "stands by her boy." She will even insist that he has always been "a good boy." To this I have never known of a single exception.

Unions, too, are obedient to this patent absurdity. Every union is opposed to monopoly while it asserts that it is a free institution. It wants anti-monopoly laws enforced and even strengthened so long as it is exempt. Every union is in favor of democracy and opposed to tyranny at home and abroad. Any criticism of the union is bitterly resented as "anti-labor" and "arrogant." This attitude and this vocabulary have become conditioned reflexes like the responses of Pavlov's famous dog. The attempts by Congressman Andrew Jacobs of Indiana to investigate non-democratic practices in our trade unions were quietly put to sleep aided by CIO and AFL undertakers. In fact, to put it softly, in his attempt to get reelected Mr. Jacobs was knifed by the AFL and the CIO. Like the Montresors in Poe's famous story, some unions seem to have adopted the motto, *nemo me impune lacessit.*

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PRIVATE institutions within a society have, and ought to have, a good deal to say about the conditions of membership in that institution. I am, so far as I am anything, a pluralist and I approve the accumulation of vigorous institutions in society which are exempt from the authority of the state. But unions have long since ceased to be private institutions. Given their own lobbies, they attempt to influence legislation, to approve it or oppose it, which government is acting on. Given overt political action, unions elect, or try to elect, men who participate in government. Given the closed shop, or even the union shop, the power of a union to expel a man from membership is the power to deprive him of a job.

In a concurring opinion—AFL American Sash and Door Company—Mr. Justice Frankfurter wrote:

> The coming of the machine age tended to despoil human personality. It turned men and women into "hands." The industrial history of the early nine-

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teenth century demonstrated the helplessness of the individual employee to achieve human dignity in a society so largely affected by technological advances. Hence the trade union made itself increasingly felt, not only as an indispensable weapon of self-defense on the part of the workers but as an aid to the well-being of society *in which work is an expression of life and not merely the way of earning subsistence.* [italics mine]

It is literally true that in the twentieth century work is "an expression of life," that the power to deprive a man of a job is a power over more than his wages; it is a psychological strike at his personality. It is literally true that in twentieth century America unionism is a way of life. It would be more than a literary or an historical irony if that which Mr. Justice Frankfurter saw as a necessary weapon used to rescue despoiled personality were itself used as an instrument of tyranny. It would be more than mere irony; it would be crime. The union has the same right and the exact obligation to be as clean and free and democratic as any other way of life which is American. Indeed it has more.

I am not arguing here against union security. The obligations which any institution bears to the individuals who compose it are clearly dependent on its power to survive. To protect the individual it must first protect itself. The battle of the unions for the union shop, even for the closed shop, is a function of fear about survival. All that is very clear. But the unions have survived; indeed they persist in the presence of things once regarded as inevitably destructive. State laws have excluded the closed shop, the Taft-Hartley Law exists. The unions have survived.

That is not the question here. It is not an issue. What is an issue is the degree of substantive freedom a worker has inside his union. We do not know very much about this, but we are learning. The American Civil Liberties Union, of which I am a member, has begun an investigation of the conditions of democracy in unions, and, however impatiently, we must wait for the answer.

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BUT some answer has been given us already. I doubt very much the manner of its giving, since it was told to a professional writer. There is no way in which one can discover what a professional writer does to another man's material, since neither of them is likely to tell us. We presume that the professional changes the vocabulary. But what else? Does he change the emphasis, and change the thought, too? If he does all these things, at what point does the material become different; wherein is it distorted? Does an understandably angry coal miner say of John L. Lewis: "He is the autocrat at whose nod nearly half a million men are supposed to kneel, lie down, roll over or even die." Does he say that? I do not know. But I doubt it.

I do know that Joe Dickmon, a coal miner from Library, Pennsylvania, publicly called John L. Lewis "a dictator," accused him of not making financial reports to the miners, and for that was suspended from the union for six months. I do know that to be suspended from the Mineworkers Union is to be deprived of a job.

Mr. Dickmon was protesting against the three day work week set by Mr. Lewis as part of his strategy against the coal operators. He says that he was afraid to voice his protest alone at a local union meeting: "To say things like that in a union meeting, you had to have the tough backing of a lot of your fellow miners. I volunteered to speak up but always at the last minute it was like I say—most of them lost their nerve and backed out." Doesn't it strike you, by the way, that the adjective "tough" so exactly placed in the sentence isn't Kosher, and was not spoken, or written by Joe Dickmon?

Mr. Dickmon then wrote his protest to the Pittsburgh *Post Gazette*—and lost his job.

All this, known to most of us for some time, is traversed "by Joe Dickmon with Walter Davenport" in *Collier's* of July 8. The article is called "John L. Lewis Won't Let Me Work." It is a sloppily arranged article, careless of dates and citations. For instance, the date of the union meeting at which Mr. Dickmon was suspended is not given, nor the date on which his letter was written, nor the date on which it appeared. The articles of the constitutions, local and international, which Mr. Dickmon was held to have violated are referred to, the texts being omitted.

The magazine presents the article surrounding a black box in which it is said that *Collier's* "is proud to present this stirring story of one man's fight for a simple democratic principle: the right of every labor union member, however humble, to speak his mind freely about his officers, however powerful." Neat sentence, that. *Collier's* is clearly crusading for democracy.

Its editorial on the back page, proudly presented I assume, is called "Mr. Celler's Peevish Crusade." It is an attack on the Congressman's investigation of business monopoly, and contains large chunks of a prepared statement read to the Celler subcommittee by Mr. Benjamin Fairless, who is, in case all this pride has confused you, president of U. S. Steel. Amid the pride *Collier's* makes no mention of the fact that *Fortune* magazine, secretly edited by the CIO, recommends that U. S. Steel be broken up and decentralized.

None of this denies the central fact about Joe Dickmon who has no job. Freedom has been defended throughout history by some strange people. The important thing is that it be defended. Everyone remembers A. E. Housman's lines on the mercenaries:

> Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
> They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
> What God abandoned, these defended,
> And saved the sum of things for pay.

In describing the meeting at which he was suspended Mr. Dickmon and Mr. Davenport write: "In a dead silence, Evans began to talk.

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"'You are charged,' he said, 'with violating Section 3 of Article 18 of the District Constitution and Section 3 of Article 21 of the International Constitution. How do you plead?'

"That's all. The sections in question involved 'slandering' another UMW member or circulating 'false statements' about him. I was charged with lying about John L. Lewis in *saying that he was a dictator.* [italics mine]

"'Not guilty,' I replied."

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NOW this dramatic episode is made a little too simple. I have observed that the texts of the Constitutions are not given. I have been unable to find a copy of the District Constitution, but Article 21, Section 3, of the International Constitution I quote in full:

> Any member guilty of slandering or circulating, or causing to be circulated, false statements about any member, or any member circulating or causing to be circulated any statement wrongfully condemning any decision rendered by any officer of the Organization, shall, upon conviction, be suspended from membership for a period of six months, and shall not be eligible to hold office in any branch of the Organization for two years thereafter.

It is perfectly clear that Mr. Dickmon was not charged with lying only in saying that Mr. Lewis was a dictator. He was also charged with lying in saying that Mr. Lewis made no financial report to the membership. He does not point this out, however, nor did he make this distinction in his reply. Therefore his reply was false.

The two authors get around to that fact towards the end of their article. John J. Busarello, below referred to, is the president of District 5, of the Mineworkers Union. I now quote from the *Collier's* piece:

> Busarello told me that I'd made a great mistake, that Lewis did send financial reports to the District and Local office every six months. Would I apologize now? I told him that if it were true that such financial reports were received I was sorry I had not known it and regretted that I had been in error on that. But about Lewis being a dictator—no.

And there the matter presently stands.

I think some things are clear from it all. One of them I have just made plain. Another is that when a man becomes a member of a union, any union, he makes a contract to be subject to its rules. In writing his letter, Mr. Dickmon violated that contract—and paid a penalty. He wrote a letter to a newspaper and said what was not true. Apparently he was merely ignorant, a thing writers have no right to be, but what he wrote was false, nonetheless. In pleading "not guilty" he did not tell the whole truth. He now, publicly, regrets it. I do not think his action or his article does him, or Mr. Davenport for that matter, any credit. Life is more complicated than either of them makes it out to be.

THERE remains the charge that John L. Lewis is a "dictator." All that I know about him makes me think he is, though any judgment which abstracts him from the total environment in which he is compelled to operate is hardly valid. I think, in any event, a member of his union has a right to call him one. Had Mr. Dickmon *merely* written that, he might not have been suspended. His lead in *Collier's*: "John L. Lewis is an arrogant dictator. For saying that last January, I was banished [sic] from his union—the United Mine Workers," is demonstrably not true. Both he and Mr. Davenport know better than that.

Nonetheless the case of Dickmon illumines what is the only issue in this essay. That is the power inhering in unions, and the difficulty men meet in restraining themselves is in the use of power. Power is, perhaps, the chief desire of men and abuse of it their greatest temptation. Power all institutions must have, but the absolute use of it is destructive of dissent and in dissent, I have always supposed, is the vibrant essence of freedom.

That is why an investigation like that being conducted by the ACLU is necessary. But since workers do not have money for litigation it seems to me that, once fixed procedures in their unions have been exhausted, a special and free court ought to be created by every state, or by the national government, to which every worker may freely go to prove his case and ask for redress of his grievance. The knowledge that his case would be a public matter, that his job would never be in jeopardy, that, if he be right, his membership would be restored might well restrain unions from wrongfully harming men in a society where work is an expression of life.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

Communications

Korean War

Tokyo, Japan

TO the Editors: I doubt if many people in the United States could ever imagine the feeling of satisfaction the Occupation personnel here derived from President Truman's order to put the Air Force and the Navy into the conflict in South Korea.

The news of the invasion of South Korea reached the streets of Tokyo Sunday afternoon. The *Stars and Stripes* published a single sheet extra announcing that forces from the North Korean "Republic" had invaded the South Korean territory. Not many of us appeared to be seriously impressed by the news. By Monday morning, with the announcement that over 700 American women and children were to be evacuated, we commenced to sense the gravity of the situation; we had also observed the lights burning in the upper floors of the Dai Ichi Building (General MacArthur's Headquarters) until the

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wee hours of the morning. When the news was given out that General MacArthur had authorized fighter escorts to accompany the planes used to evacuate the Americans, we realized that this was not the kind of border incident to which we had become accustomed.

The talk turned to the possibility of an evacuation of Japan. We were really concerned. Hoberecht of the UP had come out frankly in the *Nippon Times* to the effect that the United States had to back up South Korea or pull out of Asia. Many of us felt as he did. I would dare to say that almost a perfect one hundred percent of the Occupation personnel felt the same way. We had to take a definite stand or go back to the USA and lock ourselves in and wait till they came over there. The talk was free but controlled. How many times we heard the expression—"If only Truman would give MacArthur a free hand." We questioned each other as to whether Washington would dilly-dally and squirm and worry about precedents and all those questions Washington worries about.

NEWS of the evacuees having to leave everything but their most personal belongings, of being routed from bed at three in the morning, and other incidents, made us apprehensive for their safety. A fighter plane of the Yak class was reported to have threatened our evacuation. Then we heard it had been shot down. We cheered and said "good enough." Pictures of the evacuees arriving in cities to the south of Tokyo were published, and everywhere in Tokyo beds were being set up.

We talked among ourselves of the preparations we should make to be ready for anything. Many of us surveyed our belongings and wondered what we should send home before the crisis spread to the Japanese territory. Some of us became quite concerned. There was a sudden rush to the Post Offices to mail home personal belongings, but it was difficult to tell whether they were those who were leaving on the numerous transports scheduled to leave this week, or whether they were "scarees," a new word we coined. It was gratifying to talk to so many wives of sergeants, officers, and civilians to find that they were not panicky. Many of them are reluctant to leave. Best of all, there has been a minimum of sensational rumors. Such expressions as, "Well, I heard," and kindred remarks, have been scarcely used. We have just waited and hoped.

When the news of President Truman's order that the Air Force and the Navy would assist the South Koreans came over the wires, the Japanese newsboys ran through the streets, jingling their bells to announce that they had extras. The *Nippon Times* published a single sheet extra telling us the good tidings. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief. I felt my shoulders straightening. Come what may, the USA wasn't running away from anything any more. We had taken a definite stand in Asia.

All foreigners, save the handful of Soviets left here, took a new lease on life. We felt that we could look the evacuees squarely in the face now. . . .

LEO R. O'NEILL.

The Screen

POOR PAULINE

SOMETIMES I suspect we haven't advanced cinematically as far as we think. In techniques the movies have done wonders since their beginnings some fifty years ago, but in subject matter—well, yes and no. In 1902 the famous French movie-maker George Méliès made a short movie (they were all short then) called "Trip to the Moon." It was pretty naive, but its slapstick humor was funny and its fantasy was delightful. Well, now in 1950 the studios are still popping with trips to the moon. The new films are better made and are more basically sound scientifically; but their humor is just as corny. *"Rocketship X M"* takes a group of people on what starts out as an expedition to the moon. Because of an unforeseeable error in fuel mixture, the rocket veers off its course and finally its occupants land on Mars. Its suppositions from then on are rather on the fantastic side, but kids in the audience will no doubt take it all very seriously, as seriously as do the members of the film's cast (Lloyd Bridges, Osa Massen, John Emery, etc.) all of whom are killed before the expedition is over.

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EVEN more serious and more scientifically close to fact is George Pal's excellent Technicolor *"Destination Moon."* If you can stay awake during all the high-toned talkiness at the film's beginning, both you and the kids are likely to find this pretty exciting. At one point Producer Pal, who has made some very good movies with cartoons and models, wisely introduces his cartoon creation Woody Woodpecker to give an illustrated lecture on just how a rocket to the moon would work; and so fortified with this scientific explanation and satisfied with the motive dished out by one of the characters ("The first country that can use the moon to launch missiles will control the earth.") we are all set for the perilous trip that follows. I can't go into all the details of this amazing journey with four men (led by John Archer) in the space ship, but the two episodes that I found most thrilling were the rescue of one of the men who floated off the rocket when it was standing still in space away from the earth's gravity, and the later take-off from the moon when it becomes necessary to strip the ship to lessen its weight. If "Destination Moon" weren't so carefully researched, you'd probably find this film Buck Rogerish. Even now it seems rather fantastic, but the physicists tell us the eventual trip could be very much like this. I'm glad to report that the scientists in the movie claim the moon "for the benefit of all mankind" as well as for the US. If you want something different in the shape of movie fare to stir your imagination, I suggest you go on this trip—not neglecting, of course, to take your own and the neighbors' kids.

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WHEN it comes to more routine movies, then you do realize how little the fare has changed through the years. Our heroines are suffering just as great tortures as they did back in the days of Pearl White; and our heroes are just as manly and courageous. One difference is more than noticeable, however: psychiatry has reared its head (ugly or otherwise) and the perils of an insane asylum are just as torturous as the perils that used to beset Pauline.

In *"The Secret Fury,"* poor Claudette Colbert has an awful thing happen to her: just as she's about to say "I do" at her wedding, a stranger stands up in the congregation and yells, "Stop! This woman is already married!" Well, I tell you, Claudette really has a series of experiences after that that would make Pearl White look like a piker. She's sure she has amnesia—because she can't remember anything about a former marriage; but there's her signature on the license. And furthermore when she faces her supposed husband, someone shoots him, and there she is beside the body and the smoking gun. Mel Ferrer has directed this fantastic plot so that you soon get suspicious of three people: Claudette's aunt (Jane Cowl), her guardian (Philip Ober) and her former suitor (Paul Kelly). It is the man she loves and hopes to marry (Robert Ryan) who does most in figuring out the answers, but not before poor Claudette is confined to an asylum and escapes and gets cornered in an attic by a wacky killer. You may not believe any of this plot as it wends its thrilling way, but you won't find it the least bit dull.

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ANOTHER difference from our old-time thrillers is to be found in the modern movies where the hero, still a brave and handsome fellow, may not quite be the model of virtue and propriety that the word hero implies. Producer-director Otto Preminger, who made "Laura," has come forth with another hair-raiser; this time his hero is a detective who uses his fists more often than his head. Effectively played by Dana Andrews, this man becomes sort of a problem child of the dicks, and one night while he's hot on a trail he grapples with a suspect who dies during the fight. Then Dana makes his big mistakes: he disposes of the body instead of confessing all. From there on in, this becomes one of the fastest and most realistic chase films that we've seen in a long time. Its title is *"Where the Sidewalk Ends"* and you soon get wise to the fact that where the sidewalk ends, the gutter starts; this chilling exercise in cinema takes you through some very dirty gutters. But it is seldom that a movie works up such an anxiety in the audience, who can hardly wait to get the answers. Ben Hecht's screenplay is well written; and the cast under Preminger's direction come through with the correct touches of horror and grime. You wouldn't exactly call this movie enlightening, but its thrills do give you a chance to work off some pent-up aggressions. Perhaps this is just what "Perils of Pauline" did; the movie makers then being wiser than they thought in their own pre-Freudian way.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Of Note

Examen

IN THE current issue of *The Paulist News* (411 West 59th Street, New York 19) John S. Kennedy comments on the recent article about American Catholicism written for *Information* by John Carmel Heenan, head of the Catholic Missionary Society of England. "I have sometimes felt," Father Heenan wrote, "that American Catholics do not exercise the influence which their numbers and zeal seem to merit." Father Kennedy writes:

> Why this failure to exercise influence? Several reasons are suggested. Let us look at a few of them.
>
> 1. *Complacency.* "There is a great complacency in the American Catholic mind about the state of the Church in the U. S. A." It is not merely a question of our Babbitt-like boasting that American Catholics are the best in the world. It is more a question of our belief that mere numbers are the criterion of the state of health of Catholicism. For example, to point at the attendance at a perpetual novena as proof that the Faith is flourishing, is foolish. "The Catholics who crowd out the churches for novenas are by no means the majority of the Faithful. Nor are they necessarily the pick of the Faithful. For novenas can be stunts which attract the superstitious rather than the pious."
>
> 2. *Lack of National Thought and Action.* "My impression . . . is that the Catholics of Chicago or St. Louis would be more interested in the Church in Africa or Ireland than in what is happening to the Church in Alabama or Florida. . . . To the stranger it seems odd that while millions of U. S. citizens know nothing of the true Faith so many healthy and highly trained clergy should be teaching arithmetic and geography to girls in high schools and colleges."
>
> It is quite true, I think, that American Catholics are extremely provincial, although one should not generalize flatly. There is a disturbing lack of solidarity among us. I am not speaking of a kind of Catholic political or economic solidarity, for the Church is not intended and does not want to promote either. I am speaking, rather, of spiritual fraternity and cooperation. . . . The 25 or 30 million Catholics do not stand forth as representatives of a concept and a way of life unlike any other. This may be because of—
>
> 3. *Jingoism.* Father Heenan comments on American Catholics' almost feverish anxiety to prove themselves one hundred percent Americans. That they are, should go without saying. . . . Father Heenan suggests that English Catholics [at the time of Elizabeth] did not bother so much with

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combating calumnies as with being better Catholics. And he seems to suggest that American Catholics would do well to imitate them.

4. *Immaturity.* "To the visitor the American Catholics seem to have so much materially in their power without commensurate results. So many institutions for higher education in Catholic hands and so poor an output of Catholic writing. Witness how eagerly *Seven Storey Mountain* was devoured. (And here surely is a book so immature that one wonders why the neo-convert was allowed to publish it so soon. Just as one wonders why he is allowed now to write so much and so superficially. This could happen only in America. The young are always in a hurry. Wisdom like wine matures with keeping)." Father Heenan has a notable point here. The childishly uncritical attitude of so many American Catholic commentators on that absurd book, *The Cardinal,* bears it out . . .

5. *Secularism.* "The American Catholic mind must be distinguished by being different," writes Father Heenan. At the moment it appears to accept all that passes for culture in current American literature, radio and films. It accepts what is unworthy and worldly and gives it a tiny little Catholic twist. But how tiny is that twist. Much too tiny if the Catholic Church is to pass into an American age.

The "Digest" Man

AN editorial in a recent issue of *The Wanderer* (128 East 10th Street, St. Paul 1, Minnesota) comments on the "Digest-culture" found all over the Western world today. The *Wanderer* writer quotes liberally from *Orienterung,* a Swiss bi-monthly.

> The American smorgasbord of digests and magazines is fast becoming the "intellectual" pablum for the masses. Present-day man, whether he realizes the paradox or not, prefers an intellectual fare devoid of spiritual substance. This ugly fact seems to be taken more and more for granted, seems to find increasing acceptance and willing conformism. Popular demand for spiritual substance is obviously lacking, despite (or is it because of?) compulsory schooling and improved educational facilities and methods. True, this phenomenon didn't happen overnight. Since the War, however, it seems to have reached mass proportions. The 'Americanization' of all cultural spheres is leading to a cultural niveau of increasingly disquieting significance. More and more we are reaching the stage where the average, the mediocre, the most commonplace is the determining factor.
>
> The representative of our epoch is "the man on the street," the "common man," the incorrigible optimist, the "keep-smiling" Babbitt with no worries or problems, no philosophical or spiritual queries. His interests, if they are not totally absorbed by business, center on material things. Big sporting events, burlesque shows, aqua and carnival parades, races and gambling, are milestones along his otherwise dreary path. Sports and betting occupy his mind, fascinate his simple soul. . . .
>
> The article in *Orientierung* expresses the opinion that present-day indifference to spiritual thinking and doing may be in part a reaction to the Age of Enlightenment, the age of "pure reasoning" or extreme rationalism and subjective individualism which generally characterized the past two centuries. For just as man cannot live by bread alone, neither can he live by sterile reasoning and theorizing. Thus he has countered Rationalism with Irrationalism in all of its various forms, from the sublimest mysticism to the most puerile glorification of physical things. . . . He has been told for so long that truth is unknowable, truth is only relative, truth is solely confined to what is tangible or physical or here-and-now useful that he has finally given in to this conspiratorial black-out of absolute spiritual values and pursues instead a hapless though worryless, purposeless, and unreasoning course along with the rest of the earth's animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. He is, indeed, without spiritual substance. He has changed from a distinctive person, a free being, into a faceless, mechanical robot, a creature of instincts, a formless nonentity that has been absorbed by the mob, the collectivity, the mass.

The Poor Are Witnesses

IN a recent issue of *Témoignage Chrètien* (100, rue de Richelieu, Paris) Louis Retif writes:

> In the Church the poor are witnesses. They give witness to the patience of God. They give witness to divine hope by their daily insecurity, which makes them ready for the Promised Land and reminds us of our mission as saviors.
>
> The poor give witness to the charges which the Christian conscience must face up to, and they make their accusations without saying a word. They unmask the false idols of Christians: the piddling bric-a-brac, the perpetual temptation to play along with the world where money is king.
>
> The poor are prophets. Their poverty gives added strength to the appeals which justice makes. Their silent resignation proves that we have killed in them awareness of their human dignity. The poor give witness to the presence of sin in the world, which is ours. Their squalor is that of our sins.
>
> That is why certain people fear the poor. They are afraid that they will recognize Jesus Christ. They fear the face of a poor man as once the rich young man in the Gospel turned away from the sad gaze of the Christ of the beatitudes.

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Books

seventy-one poems. e e cummings. oxford. $2.50.

Strike Through the Mask. Peter Viereck. Scribners. $2.50.

Welcome to the Castle. Alfred Hayes. Harpers. $2.50.

A Fountain in Kentucky. John Frederick Nims. Sloane. $2.75.

AMERICAN verse is in excellent shape. There are, to begin with, lots of poets. There is plenty of Toynbean challenge—fierce competition, the difficulties of getting published, an allergic public that prefers soap opera and televised prize fights, the necessity to make a living by multifarious other, and often disagreeable, means such as teaching, the civil service, publishing, even trade. There is every kind of insecurity, unrest and disquiet, there are wars, which some like hot, some cold, and rumors of wars. All of which is mulch and manure for the soil and ground of poetry. For, as Thomas Traherne said, "the most tempestuous weather is ever the best seed-time."

Each of the above quartet of all-American poets has much to say, and each of them suffers from especial conceits in the saying of it. e e cummings, the best known, shares with archy and mehitabel a passion for the lower case; Peter Viereck, of the same extraction as his hero Metternich, shares with him a dislike for the lower-class; John Frederick Nims loves a Latin tag (or even a Greek one); Alfred Hayes' verse has trouble getting adjusted to civilian life and language. But it is good for poets to have especial conceits: the Elizabethans and the Caroline poets were stiff with them. They are like the flamboyance of baroque decoration, or like the crowding of figures in Gothic architecture, a sign that ripeness is all, that there is enough and to spare—so long as they are authentic, not pallid pre-Raphaelite imitations. And these four poets are all intensely authentic.

Poetry is communication at its most immediate. Music is perhaps more profound, doing without words, reaching levels they cannot, but verse expresses directly, distilled, essential, the mind of its maker. And where the maker has no mind, or very little, the verse drools, falls, a windless kite; the lines and words go on and on, and stand absolutely still. But the true poet holes in one:

> so never is most lonely man alone
> (his briefest breathing lives some planets year,
> his longest life a heartbeat of some sun
> his least unmotion roams the youngest star)
>
> how should a fool that calls him "I" presume
> to comprehend not numerable whom?

or

> The age has locked me in as you lock a small child
> Under the stair
> Punishing him for some indifferent wrong
>
> Ah, love, such knuckles on my hands. Such a
> child's screams in my throat

or

> No man takes any in
> He cannot cover his own.
> The hail-fellow will meet
> His life, his death alone

or

> How long, o fruit, since ripeness burst your skin
> Commemorate that second birth. You bore
> What every triviality of flesh
> Is pregnant with: the perfect bone within

Cummings, Hayes, Nims, Viereck, all are most properly concerned with the mortal things that touch the mind. Cummings is easily the most accomplished: he has an almost unequalled power of compression

> (you feel behind this man
> earth's first sunrise) and his voice
> is green like growing

and a tremendous rage—as witness the sonnet which begins:

> when serpents bargain for the right to squirm
> and the sun strikes to gain a living wage

and a splendid sense of satire:

> three wealthy sisters swore they'd never part
> Soul was (i understand)
> seduced by Life; whose brother married Heart
> now Mrs. Death. Poor Mind

But there is nothing of negative resentment in Cummings' verse: his affirmations are made with his whole heart. For example:

> how should tasting touching hearing seeing
> breathing any—lifted from the no
> of all nothing—human merely being
> doubt unimaginable You?

PETER VIERECK is, alas, letting the professor purge the poet. He tends to become explanatory, exegetical, not only in his lecture, "The Poet in the Machine Age," which takes sixteen pages away from his new book of poems, but also in such pieces as "The Slacker Apologizes," "Americana," "Hurrah for Karamazov." 'Tis don's delight to bark and bite, but the poet should be about his business, which is to express and is never, never to expostulate or explain. It is a pity, for Mr. Viereck can sing: his earlier "Kilroy Was Here" is a memorable statement of America's coming-of-age. But both he and Mr. Nims are at their worst when imitating Auden, at their best when letting their muse rip. Mr. Hayes, too, suffers from the teacher's burden; greater poets have suffered like this before him: Wordsworth and even Byron could preach appallingly. But

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May I digress? On magic. For I have theories on magic.
Magic, darling, is our last belief,
there's nothing left for us but magic

is pretty bad, and there are pages and pages of worse. Yet, as Dr. Johnson said about the walking dog, the wonder is not that these poets do not always do it well, but that they can do it at all: that down the long centuries, poet and verse are still as authentic, as unique, as valid, as when "burning Sappho loved and sang." And that reputable, business-like, established publishers such as Oxford University Press, Scribners, Harpers and William Sloane, should think well enough of the public to print poetry. And sell it too.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Scottsboro Boy. Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad. Doubleday. $3.

THIS is a story to fill every decent American with a sense of shame, an unclean kind of crawling shame. It is a story to fill everyone who is concerned, let alone who hungers and thirsts, for justice with a vaulting sense of white-hot indignation. It is a story that should be read by everyone in this country, preferably on his knees. It is the personal story of Haywood Patterson, one of the nine Scottsboro boys.

It is an incredible story, because it is incredible that the things that were done to Haywood Patterson could happen in a country that without apparent shame holds itself up to the world as the champion of democracy and justice. Yet it is true, every word of it is true. Every chapter, every paragraph, every sentence, every word bears the unmistakable impress of integrity.

The Scottsboro case began on March 25, 1931. Hoboing their way on an Alabama freight train a group of Negro boys, after a great deal of provocation, engaged in a fist fight with a group of white boys. The white boys got the worst of it. All but one of them was pushed off the slow moving train. Nobody was hurt.

This was the crime of the Scottsboro boys, their only crime. They had committed the unforgivable crime of *lèse majesté*. They had questioned White Supremacy. To the Alabama cultists of that obscene idolatry, they were guilty of blasphemy and had to die.

Taken off the train by a mob in Paint Rock nine Negro boys, aged thirteen to twenty, some of whom had not even taken part in the fight or witnessed it, were thrown into jail and hurried to trial on a trumped up charge of raping two white girls. The two girls were hoboing it on the same train. They were not only tramps, but sexual tramps as well. To escape a vagrancy charge they were easily persuaded to serve as instruments of Southern vengeance.

One of these girls, overtaken by remorse, later repudiated her part in the sordid frame-up and testified for the defense. In the end the only evidence against the victims was the unsupported word of a demonstrably

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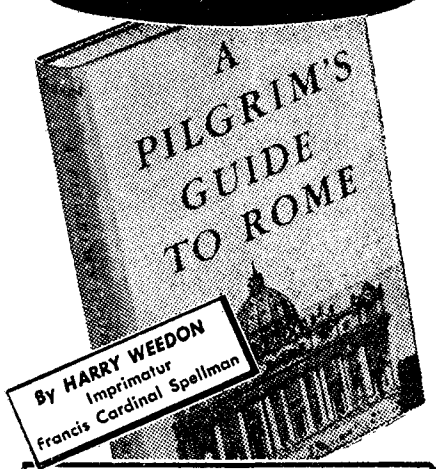

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mendacious and immoral wench. Her testimony was contradicted by a mass of evidence and obvious facts. In setting aside Haywood Patterson's second conviction on June 22, 1933, Judge James E. Horton of the Alabama Circuit Court exposed in detail the contradictions, inconsistencies and mendacities of her shoddy testimony. For his honorable action in granting Patterson a new trial he received his reward from the Alabama electorate. He was defeated when he stood for re-election.

The fact is that the only evidence against the Scottsboro boys was their color. That was enough. As Patterson acutely observes: "Color is more important than evidence down there. Color is evidence. Black color convicts you."

The Scottsboro boys didn't die. Twice the Supreme Court of the United States saved them. They were tried and re-tried as Alabama governors, judges and juries prostituted their oaths of office and their given word and made a mockery of justice and decency in their determination to have their revenge. In the end they didn't die. Everybody knows that and, I am afraid, most people, who with the passage of years forgot the Scottsboro case, consoled themselves that justice had prevailed since the electric chair had been robbed of its innocent victims.

Let them read this book. It is Haywood Patterson's own story of his seventeen years in the foul, degrading, slave prisons of Alabama. It is a story of unspeakable brutality to rival any tales out of Dachau or Sachsenhausen. It is a story of seventeen years of hell, seventeen years during which the rest of us forgot the Scottsboro boys whom we had saved from death—for a fate in some ways worse than death.

THERE is only one ray of light that shines in the crushing darkness of this book, and that is the light of an extraordinary character, the character of Haywood Patterson. He survived because, despite the depths of moral and physical and spiritual degradation into which he was driven, he preserved, this illiterate man, a profound sense of his dignity as a human person. It was their inability to beat this consciousness out of him that most infuriated his sadistic jailers.

Patterson's story, told ungrammatically, simply, with quiet good humor (itself a miracle in the light of his experiences) is striking evidence of the truly tremendous courage of the man. It is also a crushing indictment of the hypocrisy of a people who mouth the slogans of Christianity and democracy while tolerating the vicious pattern of racism in this country. I can stand to hear less about the prostitution of justice behind the Iron Curtain and the slave labor camps in Russia until I have heard more about the prostitution of justice and the slave labor prisons in the South.

Haywood Patterson escaped from Kilby Prison on July 17, 1948 and successfully made his way north. If the people of this country or the courts of this country ever permit him to be returned to the foul iniquity of Alabama prisons I should be strongly tempted to repudiate American citizenship.

GEORGE H. DUNNE.

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World Enough and Time. Robert Penn Warren. Random House. $3.50.

HERE is a story in which the classic Christian conflict between grace and nature is reduced to good-pagan terms. It is the story of man trying to resist the conforming pressure of the world in which he lives, an individual struggling against the inexorable development of the mass. Jeremiah Beaumont was determined, in his Kentucky of the eighteen-twenties, to live by his sense of Justice, as he conceived Justice. Not for him was the world of compromise and accommodation which men had fashioned for themselves. But, like many an idealist before and since, Jeremiah confused flexibility with venality; and because he could not bend, in the end he broke.

Robert Penn Warren, winner of the 1946 Pulitzer Prize for his novel, *All The King's Men*, has built his latest tale around this ill-starred young man of post-frontier days. Jeremiah married Rachel Jordan, whose still-born infant had been fathered by Jeremiah's revered friend and patron, Colonel Cassius Fort. Sworn by Rachel to avenge the deed, as a condition of their betrothment, Jeremiah is caught up by the enmeshed gears of Fate, to be torn and spewed forth with all the inevitableness of the ancient Greek tragedies.

By the time that Jeremiah has penned his final, despairing cry, "Oh, was I worth nothing, and my agony? Was all for naught?", the reader has accompanied him through the riotous days of American political adolescence, when polling-places were encircled by open barrels of whiskey, and when judges handed down unpopular decisions at the peril of their lives. The era of Indian fighting was just past—at least in Kentucky—but travel was still by foot or horse or keel-boat, and knife or pistol was the ultimate vindication of a man's honor.

MR. Warren's skill with words needs no recommendation. In *World Enough and Time* he has chosen to frame his narrative in the style and idiom of the day, as taken from Jeremiah's own "Journal." It is a device which lends notable charm to his tale, evoking as nothing else would, the mood and atmosphere of the frontier period.

As a piece of fiction, it is a story that possesses far more than the average of substance. It is more than a mere costume piece, or excursion into adventure. It underlines, in grim and forceful fashion, man's ultimate isolation from his fellows, his stark aloneness on this teeming planet.

The author's work is marred only when he is not content to let the reader draw his own morals, and injects into the scene a didactic aside, as when he observes that the savagery of dueling, condemned now as folly, is no worse folly than the international dueling of war. Fortunately Mr. Warren has not succumbed to this professorial temptation often enough to spoil the over-all excellence of *World Enough and Time.*

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(This Symposium Constitutes the Spring Issue of 1950)

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The Bitterweed Path. Thomas Hal Phillips. Rinehart. $3.

THIS novel was started on a Julius Rosenwald Fellowship and finished on a Eugene Saxton award. It deals with the special loves of a poor young farm boy for the rich, strong, handsome cotton gin operator who befriends him, and for the patron's son. If it were not for the publisher's notes insisting on the absence of sensationalism and vulgarity these loves would appear to be merely the result of an extra-sensitive boy's attraction for two capable men who assume heroic stature in his sight. Certainly a reading of the story does not give definite assurance that the writer has described homosexuality.

In any event, there isn't much development either of character or situation. Occasionally the people are focused for a moment, but generally they are only outlined. The accidents are ordinary and sentimental, sometimes silly. The saving qualities which appear in the passages apparently transcribed from real events are the imagery, the tone of nostalgia, and a certain intensity of those lines depicting an event or an emotion of significance to the author.

GEORGE MILES.

Quaker Service in Modern War. Howard E. Kershner. Prentice-Hall. $3.

AN ACCOUNT of the aid rendered victims of the Spanish Civil War in 1939 and 1940 by the man who was most responsible for it. The Friends compiled an enviable record in ministering to acute human needs and at the same time avoided animus toward anyone, despite their strong Loyalist sympathies. Mr. Kershner is a man who gets things done.

• REVIEWERS •

REV. GEORGE H. DUNNE, S. J. is author of *Religion and American Democracy,* and the play, "Trial by Fire."

REV. LEO J. TRESE is a priest of the Archdiocese of Detroit, and the author of *Vessel of Clay.*

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